

Original Manuscript

THE
JOURNAL
222
OF A
12
Modern LADY.

IN A
LETTER
TO A
Person of QUALITY.

By the Author of CADENUS and VANESSA.

First Printed at *Dublin*; and now Reprinted
at *London*; for J. WILFORD, near
Stationers-Hall, MDCCXXIX.

[Price Four Pence.]

2

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Part of the

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Modern LADY.

S I R,



T' was a most unfriendly Part

In you who ought to know my

Heart;

Are well acquainted with my Zeal

For all the Females Common-weal.

How cou'd it come into your Mind

To pitch on me of all Mankind,

Against the Sex to write a Satire,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater ?

On me, who think them all so fair,

They rival *Venus* to a Hair :

Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,

Since first I learn'd to tune a String.

Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,

Will he his Character belye ?

Must never our Misfortunes end ?

And have we lost our only Friend ?

Ah, lovely Nymph, remove your Fears,

No more let fall those precious Tears.

Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several Verses are omitted.]

*The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.*

'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal* of a Modern Dame,
Is by my Promise what you claim;
My Word is past, I must submit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe, for not a Line
Of all the Satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times,
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence secures:

Unwil-

Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
As we shall shew you in the Sequel;
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors say not quite so soon;
Because, though sore against her Will,
he sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise.
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.

Then

Then to her Glafs; and *Betty*, pray
 Don't I look frightfully to Day?
 But, was it not confounded hard?
 Well, if I ever touch a Card:
 Four *Mattadores*, and lofe *Codill*;
 Depend upon't, I never will!
 But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
 The Ladies here to Night by Six.
 Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,
 He fays, his Bufinefs is to know
 If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
 You pawn'd to him. Firft fhew him up.
 Your Dreffing-Plate, he'll be content
 To take, for Intereft *Cent per Cent*.
 And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
 Hath fent this Letter by her Maid.

Well'

Well, I remember what she won;
 And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 Here, carry down those ten Pistoles,
 My Husband left to pay for Coals:
 I thank my Stars, they are all light;
 And I may have Revenge to Night.
 Now, loitering o'er her Tea and Cream,
 She enters on her usual Theme;
 Her last Night's ill Success repeats,
 Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats:
 She flipt *Spadillo* in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
 There's Mrs. *Cut*, and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign.
 Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now

Now to another Scene give Place,
 Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
 Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
 Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that ;
 Observe this Pattern ; there's a Stuff ,
 I can have Customers enough.
 Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
 This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard :
 Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
 I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This Business of Importance o'er,
 And Madam, almost dress'd by Four ;
 The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
 Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays ;

B

She

She answers in her usual Style,
 The Cook must keep it back a while;
 I never can have Time to Dress,
 No Woman breathing takes up less;
 I'm hurried so, it makes me sick,
 I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
 At Table now she acts her Part,
 Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
 I thought we were to Dine alone,
 My Dear, for sure if I had known
 This Company would come to Day,
 But really 'tis my Spouse's Way;
 He's so unkind, he never sends
 To tell, when he invites his Friends:
 I wish ye may but have enough;
 And while, with all this poultry Stuff,

She

She sits tormenting every Guest,
 Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,
 In Phrases batter'd stale and trite,
 Which modern Ladies call polite;
 You see the Booby Husband sit
 In Admiration at her Wit.

But let me now a while survey
 Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
 Surrounded with her Noisy Clans
 Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
 When frighted at the clamorous Crew,
 Away the God of Silence flew:
 And fair Discretion left the Place,
 And Modesty with blushing Face;

Now enters over-weening Pride,
 And Scandal ever gaping wide,
 Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing Air;
 Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst;
 And Vanity with Pocket-Glass,
 And Impudence with Front of Brass;
 And studied Affectation came,
 Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
 While Ignorance, with Brain of Lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
 An Hundred Tongues, as Poets use,

When,

When, to give ev'ry Dame her due,
 An Hundred Thousand were too few !
 Or how should I, alas ! relate,
 The Sum of all their Senseless Prate,
 Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
 Their Meanings lewd, and double Entanders.
 Now comes the general Scandal Charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
 You have the Tale as cheap as I:
 I must conceal my Author's Name,
 But now 'tis known to common Fame.
 Say, foolish Females, Old and Blind,
 Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,

And

Are

Are you on Vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest Share
 Thus every Fool herself deludes,
 The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes.
Mopsa who stinks her Spouse to Death,
 Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath:
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
 To censure *Phillis* for Perfumes:
 While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
 That *Florimet* wears Iron Stays,
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
 And full of Indignation frets
 That Women should be such Coquets.
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
 Cries, Lord, the World is so censorious;

A

And

And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
 Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is Red,
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
 Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence:
 And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
 Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices rise;
 While each to be the loudest vies,
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single Tongue one Moment mute;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very Lap-Dog barking;
 Their Chattering makes a louder Din
 Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:

Not

Not School-boys at a Barring out,
 Rais'd ever such incessant Rout :
 The Shumbling Particles of Matter
 In Chaos make not such a Clatter :
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When Drunk with four Election Ale.

Nor do they trust their Tongue alone,
 To speak a Language of their own;
 Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look;
 Far better than a printed Book ;
 Convey a Libel in a Frown,
 And wink a Reputation down ;
 Or by the tossing of the Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But,

But, see the Female Club disbanded,
Each, twenty Visits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Hyfterick Fits:
And was not *Tom* this Morning sent?
I'd lay my Life he never went:
Past Six, and not a living Soul!
I might by this have won a Vole.
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How shall we pass the Time between
Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:
This Head of mine, Lord, how it Swims!
And such a Pain in all my Limbs!

C

Dear

Dear Madam, try to take a Nap:

But now they hear a Foot-Man's Rap:

Go run, and light the Ladies up:

It must be One before we Sup.

The Table, Cards, and Counters set,

And all the Gamester Ladies met,

Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,

Our Madam can sit up all Night;

Who ever comes I'm not within,

Quadrill the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,

Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art?

Or in harmonious Numbers put

The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?

The

The superfluous Whims relate,
 That fill a Female Gamester's Pate:
 What Agony of Soul she feels
 To see a Knave's inverted Heals:
 She draws up Card by Card, to find
 Good Fortune peeping from behind;
 With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;
 In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red.
 In ready Counters never pays,
 But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings, and Keys.
 Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
 This Morning when the Parson came,
 I said I should not win a Game.

This odious Chair how came I stuck in't?

I think I never had good Luck in't.

I'm so uneasy in my Stays;

Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.

Stand further Girl, or get you gone,

I always lose when you look on.

Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;

I never saw you play so ill.

Nay, Madam, give me leave to say

'Twas you that threw the Game away;

When Lady *Trick* play'd a Four,

You took it with a Matadore;

I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring

Before my Lady call'd a King.

You spoke a Word began with H,

And I know whom you mean to teach,

Because

Because you held the King of Hearts ;

Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts

That's not so bad as one that rubs

Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,

And makes her Partner understand

A Matadore is in her Hand.

Madam, you have no Cause to flounce,

I swear I saw you thrice renounce.

And truly, Madam, I know when

Instead of Five you scor'd me Ten.

Spadillo here has got a Mark,

A Child may know it in the Dark :

I Guess the Hand, it seldom fails,

I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

While

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
 It passes but for common Form ;
 Are conscious that they all speak true,
 And give each other but their Due,
 It never interrupts the Game,
 Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waste,
 The Supper gobbled up in haste:
 Again a-fresh to Cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun:
 Yet I shall not again repeat
 How oft they Squabble, Snarl and Cheat:
 At last they hear the Watchman Knock,
A frosty Morn ----- Past Four a-Clock.

The

The Chair-Men are not to be found,

Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on

Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone:

But first, the Winner must invite

The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,

Who now again *Quadrill* forswears,

With empty Purse, and aching Head,

Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

F I N I S

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